SHAKSPEARE'S

KING JOHN,

A HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

collated & perfect. J. P. K. 1802.

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS

OF THE

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

John, King of England,	*Mr. Kemble.*
Prince Henry,	*Mr. De Camp.*
Earl of Pembroke,	*Mr. Caulfield.*
Earl of Eſſex,	*Mr. Digaum.*
Earl of Saliſbury,	*Mr. Raymond.*
Hubert,	*Mr. Barrymore.*
Faulconbridge,	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Robert Faulconbridge,	*Mr. Waldron.*
Engliſh Herald,	*Mr. Surmont.*
James Gurney,	*Mr. Chippendale.*
1 Executioner,	*Mr. Evans.*
2 Executioner,	*Mr. Fiſher.*
Philip, King of France,	*Mr. Wroughton.*
Lewis, the Dauphin,	*Mr. Holland.*
Prince Arthur,	*Miſs Kelly.*
Arch-duke of Auſtria,	*Mr. Cory.*
Cardinal Pandulph,	*Mr. Packer.*
Chatillon,	*Mr. Trueman.*
French Herald,	*Mr. Cooke.*
Citizen of Angiers,	*Mr. Maddocks.*
Queen Elinor,	*Miſs Tidſwell.*
The Lady Conſtance,	*Mrs. Siddons.*
Blanch, of Caſtile,	*Miſs B. Menage.*
Lady Faulconbridge,	*Mrs. Humphries.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in ENGLAND, sometimes in FRANCE.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Court of England.

Flouriſh of Drums and Trumpets.

King John *upon the throne*, Queen Elinor, Essex, Salisbury, Pembroke, Hubert, Chatillon, *Attendants, and Guards, diſcover'd.*

K. *John.* NOW, ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Cha. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning;—borrow'd majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Cha. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother, Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royal ſovereign.

K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Cha. The proud controll of fierce and bloody war
To enforce theſe rights ſo forcibly withheld.

K. *John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; ſo anſwer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furtheſt limit of my embaſſy.

K. *John.* Bear mine to him; and ſo depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canſt report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Hubert, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

Exeunt CHATILLON, HUBERT, *& the French Gentlemen.*

Eli. What now, my ſon? have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
'Till ſhe had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.

Enter a Meſſenger, who whiſpers ESSEX.

K. *John.* Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you, and me.

Eſſ. My liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach.—

Exit Meſſenger.

Our abbies, and our priories, ſhall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Re-enter Meſſenger with

PHILIP, *and* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

What men are you?

Exit Meſſenger.

Faul. Your faithful ſubject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonſhire; and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion, knighted in the field.
K. *John.* What art thou?
Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.
K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems.
Faul. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Faul. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K *John.* A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.
But, once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:

But whether I be as true begot, or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;—
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. *John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Faul. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once deſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame toſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was her's;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all huſbands
That marry wives.
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?
Faul. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, ſir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather, be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?
Faul. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods;
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin;
And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well:—Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeathe thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.
Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year:
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.
K *John.* What is thy name?
Faul. Philip, my liege! ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt;

Kneel thou down, Philip, but ariſe more great;
Ariſe Sir Richard, and Plantagenet!—
Faul. Brother, by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, your's gave land:—
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!—
Brother, adieu:—good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'the way of honeſty.
K *John.* Go, Faulconbridge! now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.—
Exit ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Flouriſh of Drums and Trumpets.

Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"*Good den Sir Richard*"—"*God-a-mercy, fellow*;"—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget mens' names.
But who comes in ſuch haſte?
What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother.

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* GURNEY.

How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?
L. Faul. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?
Faul. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's ſon?
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

To make room for him in my huſband's bed;
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence:—
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Faul. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The aweleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou did'ſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhow thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin:
Who ſays, it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not.

Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

L. Faul. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon, and ſo art thou.
Faul. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Faul. Philip?—ſparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit GURNEY.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt;
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confeſs,)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
L. Faul. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Faul. Knight, knight, good mother—Baſiliſco-like!
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?
L. Faul. Haſt thou denied thyſelf a Faulconbridge?
Faul. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
L. Faul. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd

ACT II.

SCENE—The Walls of Angiers.

Flouriſh of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter Philip *King of France*, Lewis *the Dauphin*, *the Arch-Duke of Auſtria*, Constance, Arthur, *Attendants*, *and Guards.*

K. *Phil.* BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.——
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven ſhall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. *Phil.* Well then, to work; our cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.——
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

A Trumpet ſounds.

K. *Phil.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wiſh,
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arriv'd.——

Enter CHATILLON, *and the French Gentlemen.*

What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord;
Chatillon, ſpeak.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I:
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife;

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd;
And all the unſettled humours of the land:—
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcath in Chriſtendom.—

Drums beat.

The interruption of their churliſh drums
Cuts of more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. *Phil.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

A March.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, BLANCH, HUBERT, ESSEX, SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *Attendants, and Guards.*

K. *John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!

K. *Phil.* Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!—
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of heaven,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John.* From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To dra wmy anſwer from thy articles?

K. *Phil.* From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong.

K. *John.* Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Phil.* Excuſe; it is to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou doſt call uſurper, France?

Con. Let me make anſwer;—thy uſurping ſon.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Con. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Auſt. Peace!

Faul. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faul. One that will play the devil, ſir, with you,
An' a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoke your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

K. *Phil.* King John, this is the very ſum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. *John.* My life as ſoon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

K. *Phil.* Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

Trumpet ſounds a parley.

Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. *Phil.* 'Tis France, for England.
K. *John.* England, for itſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects,—
K. *Phil.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. *John.* For our advantage;—therefore, hear us firſt.—
Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody ſiege,
And mercileſs proceeding by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But, on the ſight of us, your lawful king,
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle:
And now, inſtead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Forweary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. *Phil.* When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand,
Stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:

For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—

Faul. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.

K. *Phil.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe,—

Faul. Some baſtards too.

K. *Phil.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. *John.* Then heaven forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. *Phil.* Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

Exeunt all but AUSTRIA *and* FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Saint George, that ſwing'd the dragon, and and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback, at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At yoor den, ſirrah, with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.

Auſt. Peace; no more.

Faul. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

Exeunt AUSTRIA *and* FAULCONBRIDGE.

ALARUMS.—RETREAT.

Enter a French Herald, *with a Trumpet, who ſounds a Parley.*

F. *Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground;
While victory, with little loſs, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter an Engliſh Herald, *with a Trumpet, who ſounds a Parley.*

E. *Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!

Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty Engliſh all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying ſlaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies; whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows:
One muſt prove greateſt; while they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Flouriſh of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter the two Kings, with their powers, as before.

K. *John.* France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?

K. *Phil.* England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faul. Ha, majeſty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the ſtained field,
You equal potents, firy kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Phil.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. *Phil.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.

Faul By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
Your royal preſences be rul'd by me:
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town:
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. *John.* Now, by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

K. *Phil.* Let it be ſo:—Say, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.
K. *Phil.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Faul. O prudent diſcipline! From north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth:—
I'll ſtir them to it:—Come, away, away!
1. *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: Vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhow you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke, or wound.
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
1. *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid.
O, two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed gates:
Without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Faul. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
Zounds! I was never ſo bethump'd with words
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father, dad.

1. *Cit.* Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *Phil.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of myſelf,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

K. JOHN, K. PHILIP, LEWIS, *and* BLANCH, *talk apart.*

Faul. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my niece?

Blan. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.* Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay aſk me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. *Phil.* It likes us well;—Young princes, cloſe your hands.
Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.—
Is not the lady Conſtance in this troop?

Lew. She is ſad and paſſionate, at your highneſs' tent.

K. *Phil.* Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady?

K. *John.* We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Conſtance,
Some ſpeedy meſſenger; bid her repair
To our ſolemnity.—

Exit SALISBURY.

Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

Flouriſh of Drums amd Trumpets.

Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As heaven's own ſoldier,) rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay,—there is no ſin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee!

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The French King's Tent.

Enter Arthur, Constance, *and* Salisbury.

Con. GONE to be married! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt mis-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me:
And though thou now confeſs, thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.—
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true?

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That gave you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight,

Art. I do beſeech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bidd'ſt me be content wert grim,
Ugly,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content:
But thou art fair; and at thy birth,—dear boy!—
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Con. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee:
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout,
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Throws herſelf on the ground.

Flouriſh of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, AUSTRIA, CHATILLON, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, *Guards, and Attendants.*

K. *Phil.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival;

The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.
Con. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!——
Riſing.
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!
K. *Phil.* By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?
Con. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:——
Arm, arm, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be huſband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!
Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.
Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: Thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight,
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by

To teach thee ſafety!
Thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faul. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faul. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

K. *John.* We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

Trumpet ſounds.

Enter Cardinal PANDULPH, *attended.*

K. *Phil.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiouſly demand,
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This, in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?
Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian prieſt

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.

K. *Phil.* Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John.* Though you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom,
Are led ſo groſſly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf;
Though you, and all the reſt, ſo groſſly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
That I have leave with Rome to curſe awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curſes; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the power of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Faul. And hang a calf's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe———

Faul. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. *John.* Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?

Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?

K. *Phil.* Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order; and we ſhall be bleſs'd
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A faſting tiger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. *Phil.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
If not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee,
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blan. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?

O huſband, hear me!—
Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy love: What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muſe, your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. *Phil.* Thou ſhalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Con. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!

K. *John.* France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.—

Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of France.

K. *Phil.* Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!

Drums and Trumpets.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A FIELD OF BATTLE.—

Alarums.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.

Drums and Trumpets.

Enter AUSTRIA.

FAULCONRRIDGE *and* AUSTRIA *engage*; FAULCONBRIDGE *drives* AUSTRIA *off the stage, and presently re-enters, with the Lion's skin in his hand.*

Faul. Austria, lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. *John.* Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Drums and Trumpets.

Exeunt.

SCENE. III.

Another part of the Field.

A Retreat ſounded.

Re-enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, *and Soldiers.*

K. *John.* So ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind,

To ELINOR.

So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad:

To ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John.* Couſin, away for England; haſte before:

To FAULCONBRIDGE.

And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; impriſoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs:—Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle couſin.

K. *John.* Coz, farewell.

Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman; hark, a word.

Taking ARTHUR *aſide.*

K. *John.* Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh

There is a ſoul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand. I had thing to ſay,—
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almoſt aſham'd.
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet:
But thou ſhalt have: and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay,—But let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;—
Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, Laughter, keep mens' eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;—
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;—
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But, ah! I will not:—Yet, I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. *John.* A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.—
I could be merry now.—Hubert, I love thee;—
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee.—
Remember.———Madam, fare you well:
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

Exit ELINOR, *attended.*

K. *John.* For England, couſin.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On, toward Calais, ho!
Hubert, remember.—

Exeunt

King JOHN, *Lords, Soldiers,* HUBERT, *and* ARTHUR.

SCENE IV.

THE FRENCH COURT.

Ent.r King PHILIP, PANDULPH, *and* LEWIS.

K. *Phil.* So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted ſail
Is ſcatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pan. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.
K. *Phil.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner?
And bloody England into England gone,
Oe'rbearing interruption?
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a ſoul;
Holding the eternal ſpirit, againſt her will,
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath:—

Enter CONSTANCE.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Con. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace!
K. *Phil.* Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Conſtance!
Con. No, I defy all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death:—O, amiable, lovely death!
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy wife! Miſery's love,
O, come to me!
K. *Phil.* O fair affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world;
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which ſcorns a modern invocation.
Pan. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.
Con. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conſtance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
K *Phil.* Bind up thoſe treſſes.
Con. To England, if you will.
K. *Phil.* Bind up your hairs.
Con. O, father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die; and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven,
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pan. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.
Con. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.
K. *Phil.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Con. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows' cure!

Exit CONSTANCE.

K. *Phil.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.

Exit King PHILIP.

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields naught, but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pan. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt; evils, that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhow evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt:
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall.
Lew. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.
Pan. O, ſir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him.
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Lew. Strong reaſons make ſtrong actions: Let us go;
If you ſay, Ay, the king will not ſay, No.

Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert *and two Executioners.*

Hub. HEAT me theſe irons hot; and, look thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me:
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.

1 *Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples!—Fear not you:—look to't.

Exeunt Executioners.

Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long;

And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not: And I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and deſpatch.

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur.——

Giving him a Paper.

How now, fooliſh rheum!—
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,

And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. An if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

HUBERT *ſtamps, and the two Executioners enter.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Exec.* I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

Exeunt Executioners.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Art. No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief;
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Hub. I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.
Hub. Peace: no more.
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: Go cloſely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

Drums and Trumpets.

King JOHN *upon his Throne*, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, *and attendants, diſcovered.*

K. *John.* Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt;
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong:—
Meantime, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you, your requeſts.

Sal. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
Requeſt
The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhow the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience.

K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Exit HUBERT.

Eſſ. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick:
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame,
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo, farewell.

Exeunt the Lords.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation:—I repent;
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Exit King JOHN.

SCENE III.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter King JOHN, *meeting a Meſſenger.*

K. *John.* A fearful eye thou haſt! Where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?—
How goes all in France?

Meſ. From France to England.—Never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them;
For, when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my mother's care,
That ſuch an army could be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My liege, her ear
Is ſtopp'd with duſt: the firſt of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Conſtance in a frenzy died
Three days before.

K. *John.* What, mother! dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France!—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the dauphin.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings:—

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news; for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worſt,

Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.

K. *John.* Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travel'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. *John.* O, my gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faul. The French, my lord; mens' mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord Eſſex and lord Saliſbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John.* Gentle kinſman, go,
And thurſt thyſelf into their companies;
I have a way to win their loves again,
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John.* Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.

Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.

K. *John.* Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Exit Meſſenger.

K. *John.* My mother dead!—

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord,—they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. *John.* Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the ſtreets
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear;
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death?

K. *John.* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſt, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. *John.* O, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation!—
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadeſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. *John.* Had'ſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou did'ſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And did'ſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name——
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.

Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Young Arthur is alive.

K. *John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.—
O, anſwer not: but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haſte.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A STREET BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Enter ARTHUR *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and ſtay.

Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:—
Heaven take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!

Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* ESSEX.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France;
Whoſe private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than theſe lines import.
Eſſ. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not
Attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Eſſ. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faul. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his privilege.
Faul. 'Tis true; to hurt his maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon:—What is he lies here?

Seeing ARTHUR.

Pem. O'death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Eſſ. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have your read, or heard,—or could you think,—
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee?
This is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavagery, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Faul. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpoſe, of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to his breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this head,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pem. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.

Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Muſt I rob the law?

Drawing his ſword.

Faul. Your ſword is bright, ſir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I ſheathe it in a murderer's ſkin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as your's:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.

Sal. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet I am none:—Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truely ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truely, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Faul Keep the peace, I ſay.

Sal. Stand by; or I ſhall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Saliſbury:—
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;
Or I'll ſo maul you and your toaſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.

Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Saliſbury, I am none.

Sal. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum.
Away, with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
The uncleanly ſavours of a ſlaughter-houſe;
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſin.

Exit SALISBURY.

Eſſ. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Exit ESSEX.

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.—

Exit PEMBROKE.

Faul. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, ſir:
Upon my ſoul,—

Faul. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.—
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!—
I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.——
I am amaz'd, methinks; and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits,
As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE. I.

THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

Trumpets Sound.

King JOHN, PANDULPH, *and Attendants, diſcovered.*

K. *John.* THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pan. Take again

Gives King JOHN *the Crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches.
Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But, ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.

Exit PANDULPH, *with his Attendants.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Faul. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. *John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.
Faul. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be ſaid!—Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, e'er he come ſo nigh.
K. *John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Faul. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton, brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,

Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;
Sweep off theſe baſe invaders from the land;
And above all exterminate thoſe ſlaves,
Thoſe Britiſh ſlaves, whoſe proſtituted ſouls,
Under French banners, move in vile Rebellion,
Againſt their King, their Country, and their God.

K. *John.* Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The DAUPHIN'S CAMP *at St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to theſe lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.

Lew. Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions ſet the name of right,
With holy breath.

Enter Cardinal PANDULPH, *attended.*

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,

That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhow.

Lew. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied:
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of wars,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Trumpet ſounds.

What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *and attendants.*

Faul. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am ſent to ſpeak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well:—Now hear our Engliſh king;

For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reaſon too he ſhould,
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate, revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame!

Lew. We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabbler.

Pan. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faul. No, I will ſpeak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Drums, Trumpets, Shouts, &c.

Enter KING JOHN, HUBERT, *and Attendants.*

K. *John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majeſty?

K. *John.* This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

K. *John.* Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

Exit Meſſenger.

K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtraight;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Drums, Trumpets &c.

SCENE IV.

The French Camp.

Alarums.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, *and* Essex.

Eſſ. I did hot think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French;
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They ſay, king John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Chatillon *wounded, and led by two Soldiers.*

Cha. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is Chatillon.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Cha. Fly, noble Engliſh; you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Cha. Have I not hideous death within my view?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt:
But even this night,
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire.—

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this reſpect beſides,
For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman,—
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beſhrew my ſoul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends!

Exeunt leading off CHATILLON.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

SCENE V.

A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

A Retreat ſounded.

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The ſun of heaven, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtay'd, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,

When the Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Meſſ. Chatillon is ſlain; the Engliſh lords,
By his perſuaſion, are again fallen off:
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk, on Goodwin ſands.
Lew. Ah, foul ſhrewd news!—Beſhrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that ſaid,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſſ. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

Exeunt

SCENE VI.

THE ENTRANCE TO SWINSTEAD-ABBEY.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *meeting* HUBERT.

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly.
Faul. A friend:—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faul. Hubert, I think.—What news abroad?
Hub. O, my ſweet ſir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Faul. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil.
Faul. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Faul. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.
Faul. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

Exeunt

SCENE VII.

THE ORCHARD OF SWINSTEAD-ABBEY.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* ESSEX.

P. *Hen* It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter SALISBURY, *and Attendants with a couch.*

Sal. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

P. *Hen.* Doth he ſtill rage?

Sal. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

King JOHN *brought in by* PEMBROKE, ~~HUBERT~~, *and Attendants.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.——
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

P. *Hen.* How fares your majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd,—ill fare;—dead, forſook, caſt off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe

Through my burn'd boſom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

P. *Hen.* O, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. *John.* The ſalt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *and Hubert.*

Faul. O, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.

K. *John.* O couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the ſhrouds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

The King dies.

Pem. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus!

Faul. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.

Eſſ. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd;
For ſo he will'd it.

Faul. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may you, ſweet prince, put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion, on my knee,
I do bequeathe my faithful ſervices
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.
P. *Hen.* I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true.

Exeunt omnes.

THE END.